

Title: Lysander's Notebook

Author: L. Gathenwale

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Day Two:

The woman, Tavara Sewel,  
is unbearable. Her entire  
demeanor sickens me. I  
would take her life for  
Thee now, my Lord. But I  
cannot alert the others.  
Progress is made too  
slowly, I cannot wait this  
perpetual waiting. Today I  
knelt down with the  
workers, tossing stones  
and dirt aside with my  
very hands as they dug  
all the last of the rubble  
covering the entrance to  
Thy Sanctum. The Sewel  
woman was shocked at my  
demeanor, dirtying my  
robes on my knees in the  
muck as I clawed at the  
rocks. She thought I did  
this for those sickly  
scholars, or for her, or  
for what she laughably  
calls 'The Gift of  
Discovery', of learning. As  
if I did not know what I  
went to find! I come for  
Thee, Master. Soon shall I  
receive Thy gifts, Thy  
blessings. Patience, eternal  
patience. I must take my  
lessons well. I have  
learned from Thee,  
Master, I have.